

The  
Frances Shimer  
Record

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October, 1917

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Mount Carroll, Illinois

## Concerning Mills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

### FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ..... Dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within ..... months after my decease.

### FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

# The Frances Shimer Record

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## The Opening

Over fifty courses are being given this semester, counting three in Piano, one in Expression, one in Art, one in Harmony, one in Musical Form, and one in Voice. English has six courses now with 114 pupils; French, four with 51 pupils; German, three with 21; Mathematics, four with 53; Botany, one with 15; Chemistry, one with 8; Cooking, three



with 23; Economics, one with 8; General Science, one with 13; History, two with 19; House Decoration, one with 5; Latin, five with 42; Physics, one with 7; Piano, three with 34; Harmony, one with 3; Psychology, one with 11; Sewing, one with 7; Stenography, one with 5; Textiles, one with 4; Zoölogy, one with 5; Voice, one with 18; Expression, one with 10; History of Music, one with 6; Art, one with 10; Bible, one with 25; Basket-ball, 25; Tennis, 45; Golf, 31.

Miss Aravilla M. Taylor, M.S., has the work in Science formerly taken by Miss Wallen, who has resigned and is now at Mount Holyoke College, and Miss Barbara Glessing has the work in German and has charge of the Study Hall. The other teachers this semester remain the same as last year, except Miss Engelbrecht, who has resigned.

The number of College girls doing College work is 38. The Senior College class numbers 15. Most of these are planning to enter standard colleges or universities in 1918.

The number of pupils on October 9 was 130, including 101 in the buildings. Miss Mueller, of Elmhurst, detained by illness, holds her room for February.

Among other repairs and improvements in the past summer are the piping of city water to the cottage; new steps to Hathaway, west and south; painting of Science Hall portico and Hathaway in part; doing over of the Domestic Science rooms in Dearborn into a Voice Studio, and the rearrangement of rooms for piano teachers; the addition of three new pianos on September 25, with another expected; new white tile floors in hall and six rooms of Metcalf; new roof on West Hall; new clay tennis court; painting of all barns, etc., on small farm opposite the grounds west, and outhouses at Golf Club; rearrangement of main steam-supply pipe in steam plant and a new smokestack; and rebuilding of part of fire boxes under the boilers; along with refinishing of walls of a score or more of pupils' rooms and recitation rooms and halls. Additions of beds, tables, and other furniture were also made to provide for the attendance, and the wood floors in seven buildings were oiled or otherwise finished, and a new concrete walk was laid between Dearborn and Hathaway.

### The Swimming Pool

Some progress has been made since June, but not a great deal. The committee is now considering the question whether to include a gymnasium with the pool in a single building of two stories. Further advices from the architect will be considered by the Trustees at a meeting to be held soon. It is hoped that the new facilities—whatever they may



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be—will be ready for use in September, 1918, but no definite decision has been made. Meantime, friends are asked to bear this matter in mind as an improvement greatly needed.

### Welcome to Frances Shimer

For three long months we have stood as lonely sentinels guarding the deserted campus. Since June our rooms and corridors have been empty. We have missed the gay chatter of the girls as they visited with one another in their rooms and in the halls. The dining-room with its many tables has been abandoned. The ballroom of College Hall has missed the bright decorations which adorn it for the proms of the school year. The pianos of Dearborn Hall have been quiet all summer, with no faltering fingers to practice the scales or perhaps to work out something more difficult. We have indeed been lonely!

So you see why we are glad to welcome you back. Our halls and rooms are again filled. Three times daily the dining-room opens its doors to a crowd that is always hungry, it seems. The ballroom of College Hall has already witnessed several informal parties and will soon be gaily decorated in honor of the Hallowe'en Prom. For a number of weeks now melodious strains and some not so melodious have been heard from Dearborn Hall.

Yes, we buildings have missed the girls during the summer, and as a result are ready to welcome them, both the old and the new. The old girls are too familiar with the good times experienced at Frances Shimer to need a description of them, but for the benefit of the new ones let us say that the parties, the spreads, and the pranks played upon unsuspecting fellow-students—events which we have witnessed—not to mention the long hikes, the picnics, and the trips to "Katie's," reports of which have echoed through our halls, all help to make a year at Frances Shimer one long to be remembered.

### Fall at Frances Shimer

MARION E. LEBRON

When it's fall at Frances Shimer,  
And the grapes are big and blue,  
And you eat on way to classes and  
At noon and morning, too;  
When you never cross the campus  
Without picking off a bunch,  
And you linger on the doorstep  
To enjoy your dainty lunch;

Oh, there's such a happy feeling!  
 Such a crispness in the air!  
 Hear the trills of merry voices  
 As they echo everywhere!  
 You will surely get the spirit  
 Of that happy feeling, too,  
 When it's fall at Frances Shimer,  
 And the grapes are big and blue.

When the apples red are falling,  
 Lie in heaps upon the ground,  
 And you know of tempting places  
 Where some little plums are found;  
 When the campus leaves are turning  
 Every shade of red and gold,  
 And you wear your coat to breakfast,  
 For it's just a trifle cold;  
 When you play at golf or tennis  
 Until almost time to dine,  
 And go in so mighty hungry,  
 But come out just feeling fine;  
 Oh! if you're not gay and happy,  
 You are one of very few,  
 When it's fall at Frances Shimer  
 And the grapes are big and blue.

### Why I Broke the Engagement

FRANCES ELIZABETH BUTLER

It was just at the close of a seemingly endless summer day that Marcellus first came to call. I had spent the long, humidly warm afternoon in a hammock under the pines and had just tossed aside the last number of *Life* with a bored groan. I buried my face in my arms and wondered listlessly if barrel skirts would live through the summer and if a person of my complexion could wear reseda green when a delightfully thick little voice said:

"Yo'-all sho' looks com'fable."

I started up in amazement, and there, sitting on the gatepost, was Marcellus, shining black as to face and white as to teeth and unmistakably soiled as to clothes. He was small to the point of being microscopic, and his face told one that he was six—or maybe, half-past six. I tossed a pillow upon the grass.



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"Come in and sit down, won't you?"

"Well, I dunno ez I ought," he answered, scrambling down from the post and advancing slowly over the grass, "but I'se pow'ful tiahed. Yo' see I'se huntin' fer a wife."

"And can't you find her?" I asked.

He seated himself before replying, took a chocolate from the box I'd laid aside, and grinned at me.

"Well, I just cain't seem to fin' one what suits me."

"What do you require of the lady?" I asked.

"Huh?"

"I mean what do you want her to be?"

"Well [oh! that eternal "well" of his, adorable and yet so tiresome], I'se been thinking, an' I sortah thinks yo'll do."

"I'm honored," I assured him.

"Well, we's engaged now, ain't we?" he asked anxiously. "There don't need to be no perposin' or nothin', do there?"

"Oh, no, I'm sure I'm quite satisfied the way it is." What would my immaculate family think when they saw this ragged, dirty, thoroughly fascinating bit of humanity?

"I bettah be movin' then. I'll come visitin' tomorrow," and he rose slowly, took another chocolate, and left.

The next afternoon he appeared, walking slowly down the long, blistering stretch of white shell road. He sat down, looked in vain for the candy, and talked for about half an hour. He was firmly convinced that we ought to be married in about a week, and we had quite a long and heated argument over the best parson to get. At last I brought up the subject of my superior age, hence superior intellect.

"Huh, that ain't nothin'," he scoffed. "I bet ef I put a bug on yo' neck yo'd scream!"

I did not deny the fact. Indeed, I dropped the subject, and he soon left.

The next afternoon, and every afternoon for a week, Marcellus came and talked and went. Always he looked for the chocolates and always he brought up the subject of bugs, with:

"Well, now sence yo'-alls a growed lady I guess yo' ain't 'feared of bugs?" And always I assured him that I was.

One Sunday, the second Sunday of our engagement, he called and I told him I was going away the next morning.

"Yo' cain't. I don't let no woman of mine go runnin' all 'round the country 'thout me. Yo'll jes' stay right home!" he firmly declared.



In righteous anger I told him I *would* not. He told me I *would*! And so after a long-drawn-out quarrel he started off down the road and I turned over in the hammock and went to sleep.

I dreamed the strangest dream and finally, just as I was about to be choked to death by my fur neck piece, which had turned into a boa constrictor, I awoke. For a moment I thought it was a real one and then—I saw! Marcellus sat on the fencepost grinning impishly, and I lay bound hand and foot into the hammock! The family were spending the day out and I knew that I was doomed to lie there until they returned, a good four hours from then, unless I could soothe the injured feelings of Marcellus. But all my "blarney" failed to change him. He sat like a little ebony statue of Satan's youngest son and only said now and then: "Well—?"

Finally he hopped down, gave the hammock an extra hard push, and walked off.

"Oh, Marcellus!" I called, "I break the engagement right now!"

He never turned, but went trudging off down the road singing. Two or three weeks after, I passed him in the road. He was firmly clutching the hand of a diminutive daughter of Ham. I wonder if he has tied *her* up yet?

### The Silver Lining: A Love Story from Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables"

MARION LEBRON

"Now, who can this be?" thought Holgrave as he rested his chin on the handle of his hoe and looked admiringly at the figure of a young girl with a plate of crumbs in her hand. She was evidently trying to make friends with the forlorn little inhabitants of the chicken coop. "I didn't know Miss Hepzibah had any young relatives. Very charming girl, too." This was late afternoon in the old Pyncheon garden. The daguerreotypist, in search of exercise, had begun to busy himself with drawing up fresh earth about the tomato plants. Entirely forgetting his occupation now, he stood watching the maiden with a fascinated interest.

"Here, you odd little chicken!" he heard her say. "Here are some nice crumbs for you." The chicken, thus addressed, mustered vivacity enough to flutter upward and alight on her shoulder. Holgrave found himself speaking, unaware that he was possessed with a great desire to make her acquaintance.

"That little fowl pays you a high compliment," he said. She turned quickly, surprised to learn that there was another in the garden. "The



chicken really treats you like an old acquaintance," continued he, in a quiet way. "Those venerable personages in the coop, too, seem very affably disposed. You are lucky to be in their good graces so soon! They have known me much longer, but never honor me with any familiarity, though hardly a day passes without my bringing them food. Miss Hepzibah, I suppose, will interweave the fact with her other traditions and set it down that the fowls know you to be a Pyncheon!"

"The secret is," said Phoebe, smiling, "that I have learned how to talk with hens and chickens."

"Ah! but these hens," answered the young man, "these hens of aristocratic lineage would scorn to understand the vulgar language of a barnyard fowl. I prefer to think—and so would Miss Hepzibah—that they recognize the family tone. For you are a Pyncheon?"

"My name is Phoebe Pyncheon," said the girl, with some reserve. "I did not know that my cousin Hepzibah's garden was under another person's care."

"Yes," said Holgrave, "I dig, and hoe, and weed in this black old earth, for the sake of refreshing myself with what little nature and simplicity may be left in it, after men have so long sown and reaped here. I turn up the earth by way of pastime. My sober occupation, so far as I have any, is with a lighter material. In short, I make pictures out of sunshine; and, not to be too much dazzled with my own trade, I have prevailed upon Miss Hepzibah to let me lodge in one of these dusky gables. It is like a bandage over one's eyes to come into it."

The daguerreotypist was very much attracted by Phoebe's simple, girlish manner, and it was all too soon that the twilight, deepened by the shadows of the fruit trees and surrounding buildings, threw an obscurity over the garden. "There," said Holgrave, "it is time to give over work! That last stroke of the hoe has cut off a bean stalk. Good-night, Miss Phoebe Pyncheon. Any bright day, if you will put one of those rosebuds in your hair and come to my rooms on Central Street, I will seize the purest ray of sunshine and make a picture of the flower and its wearer."

The only youthful mind with which Phoebe had an opportunity of frequent intercourse was that of the daguerreotypist. Inevitably, by the pressure of the seclusion about them, they were brought into habits of some familiarity during her long visit. On the evening before her departure from the House of Seven Gables she met Holgrave in the garden to say good-by. He was talking of future developments which might take place. This was always his favorite topic, but his ideas were generally a little more than Phoebe could understand. He seemed



to be inferring that something unusual was going to happen, but would not express it in a direct statement.

"Yet," urged Phoebe, "you did speak as if misfortune were impending!"

"Oh, that was because I am morbid!" replied the artist. "My mind has a twist aside, like almost everybody's mind except your own. Moreover, it is so strange to find myself an inmate of this old Pyncheon house and sitting in this old garden, that, were it only for this one circumstance, I cannot help fancying that Destiny is arranging its fifth act for a catastrophe."

"There!" cried Phoebe, with renewed vexation, for she was by nature as hostile to mystery as the sunshine to a dark corner. "You puzzle me more than ever!"

"Then let us part friends!" said Holgrave, pressing her hand, "or, if not friends, let us part before you entirely hate me. You who love everybody else in the world!"

"Good-by, then," said Phoebe, frankly. "I do not mean to be angry a great while and should be sorry to have you think so. There, Cousin Hepzibah has been standing in the shadow of the doorway this quarter of an hour past! She thinks I stay too long in the damp garden; so good night and good-by."

Many things had happened before Phoebe's second visit, and when she did return there was no one but Holgrave to welcome her to the House of Seven Gables. Judge Pyncheon had been stricken dead with apoplexy, Hepzibah and her brother Clifford had fled, and the news of the catastrophe had not yet been made known to the public.

"Why do we delay so?" asked Phoebe. "This secret takes away my breath! Let us throw open the doors!"

"In all our lives there can never be another moment like this!" said Holgrave. "Phoebe, is it all terror? Nothing but terror? Are you conscious of no joy, as I am, that has made this the only point of life worth living for?"

"It seems a sin," replied Phoebe, trembling, "to think of joy at such a time!"

"Could you but know, Phoebe, how it was with me the hour before you came!" exclaimed the artist. "A dark, cold, miserable hour! But, Phoebe, when you crossed the threshold and hope, warmth, and joy came in with you, the black moment became at once a blissful one. It must not pass without the spoken word. I love you!"



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"How can you love a simple girl like me?" asked Phoebe, compelled by his earnestness to speak. "I have not scope enough to make you happy."

"You are my only possibility of happiness!" answered Holgrave. "I have no faith in it except as you bestow it on me! . . . Do you love me? If we love one another, the moment has room for nothing more. Let us pause upon it and be satisfied. Do you love me, Phoebe?"

"You look into my heart," said she, letting her eyes drop. "You know I love you!"

### News from Other Schools

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE,  
SOUTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

I arrived here a little later than I had expected to because of the Lake George train's slowness. I have been busy giving one lecture the very first thing, unpacking, and arranging my room, getting acquainted, and planning a new course in advanced quantitative analysis for graduates and Seniors. I am trying to make a more practical course, one that will prepare for technical work. It is wonderful, this opportunity for women in chemistry. Three years ago they did not figure at all in the technical world. Three years from now that will be different. I believe that the demand is already greater than the supply. I never was so happy as I am now to think that I am a chemist rather than something else. There is really nothing I would rather be. For a while I was questioning in my mind what I might do to contribute my bit in making the world safe for democracy. Now I know that the best I can do is to teach chemistry efficiently and produce women who can go into the technical world to fill places left vacant by men.

There has been and still is a scarcity of men available for manual labor here. There has been no man to be had to drive the milk wagon and deliver the milk in South Hadley, so three of our girls volunteered their services and are getting up early every morning to tend to the distribution of the milk. They wear overalls and are said to have shocked the townspeople and some of our faculty members horribly. One of our faculty members was so overcome with horror that she reported the girls to President Wooley and had them brought before the President for inspection and disapproval. The maid spread three little islands of newspaper on the floor in the President's reception room for the girls to stand on because of the quantities of mud they carried on their boots. They were quite frightened, for they feared the President's



disapproval. When President Wooley finally met them, she was much pleased with their undertaking and considered their costumes appropriate and sensible.

During the summer vacation sixteen of the girls stayed here to cultivate twenty-seven(?) acres of farm land for the school, and worked eight hours a day canning vegetables for school consumption in the winter. In the chemistry laboratory yesterday one of the instructors asked the curator for a man to go over the suction pumps and put them in working order, and I heard the curator answer, "I believe a woman could do that, so I don't believe we can ask for a man." This spirit of service on the part of the women seems real and sincere—it is something more than a fad.

There are classes being organized for emergency relief work, classes in stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping, nursing, first aid, home economics, and so forth. In our dining-room a new system has been installed whereby outside help is almost eliminated. Girls do the cleaning, wait on table, and so forth, but they are not treated as waitresses. The system is new yet, and there is some confusion, but it will work, I think. Never until I came here have I felt the war influence so keenly. Nowhere else have I seen so sincere a desire to make the love of America fruitful in service. Conservation is practiced in an extreme degree.

I went to church this morning. Doctor Calkins, from Cambridge, spoke. There is a wonderful large choir of Juniors at the morning service, and a larger choir of Sophomores and Seniors in the afternoon at vespers.

Please give my regards to everyone who knows me at Mount Carroll.

ZONJA WALLEN

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS, October 2, 1917

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

How I should love to be back there with you all! I miss the table picnics and the "Katie" parties and all the rest of the good times that you are having now. Next year probably some of you will be looking back and longing for some of Katie's waffles, as I am now.

Miss Smith says that you want to hear about Wellesley. Since I've been here only two weeks—though it seems as long as two months—I can't tell you much more than just my first impressions of Wellesley. Just now I seem to have but one impression, and that is—work. The only consolation is that I don't have to be afraid of getting fat.

I shan't attempt to describe the College in any way. The campus is so large and there are so many buildings that just becoming familiar



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with them will take a long time. All the Freshmen houses are in the village, which makes it rather inconvenient for us to spend much time, outside of class work, up on the campus.

The first week, before upperclassmen arrived, was all kinds of fun. Seven hundred green Freshmen spent the week in getting acquainted with the campus—and one another. You didn't mind getting lost while wandering around trying to find the gymnasium because, in all probability, the girl just ahead of you was lost too. Everyone's being in the same fix made it very easy to get acquainted. After Friday, however, when the old girls returned, you wouldn't dare ask the girl next you where she was living for fear that she might be a Senior, or even an instructor.

There were lots of social events that week—outdoor teas in the afternoon, vaudeville in the "Barn"—which reminded me very much of some of our choice Diversion Club attractions—and a big reception Saturday night, which felt more like a bargain-counter jam than a formal reception.

One very important event of the first week—by no means social, however—was the physical examination. Every new girl had to take it. It lasted two hours and was *very thorough*, to say the least. Most of us were rather startled at the number of things which were found wrong with us. We were marked on the way we stood, the way we walked, the way we breathed, and almost everything imaginable.

The event which made the most pleasant impression on me was the first chapel service on Saturday morning. The different classes sat in different parts of the Chapel, the Seniors, in their caps and gowns, coming in last. Everyone seemed so glad to get back to school. After the short service, the classes gathered in groups outside on the lawn and gave their class yells and songs. It was all very "collegey" and just as I had imagined Wellesley would be. I know I shall love it here more and more as time goes on.

But I do get homesick for Frances Shimer, and you have no idea how much I appreciate letters. I shall be so glad to hear from any of you who have time to write me something of what is happening there this year.

My very best wishes to you all.

Most sincerely,

VICTORIA MAYLARD

BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAREST FLO:

I arrived here at Birmingham at noon. We got off at a small station. Five or six of the old girls were down at the station to welcome



us to Birmingham. We drove up to the school, and *up* is right, a winding road which gets higher all the time. The buildings are very homelike, with large porches furnished with easy chairs and swings. Main Hall is the living-house for the girls. There are two large living-rooms on the first floor. One has a big fireplace which is used all winter. On the tables are big baskets of apples. The rooms are furnished in wicker with bright cretonne covers, and cretonne drapes at the windows.

The country is just lovely. Mountains surround us on all sides. The trees are just beginning to turn, so you can imagine what a lovely view we have.

The Seniors down here are the high people of the place. They have their special corner in chapel and all the other classes have to wait until the Seniors leave chapel before going themselves.

Mrs. Moulton, the headmaster's wife, is a perfect dear, just a mother to all the girls, cheering up the homesick ones and making everyone comfortable.

Oh, yes, I must tell you about the dining-room. The silver is marked Grier, after our President. The room is rather low with plate rails running all around the walls, on which there are blue dishes. The dining-room is in three sections all opening into each other. It looks like an old-fashioned New England kitchen.

There are only eighty-six girls in the school, so it is not as large as Frances Shimer. We have a swimming-pool, and I certainly hope F.S.S. can have one soon.

Although it so very different here from F.S.S., I am sure I shall like it.

Lots of love to you and all the old girls, and my greetings to the new ones.

"SHRIMPIE" ALLISON

### Passed by the Censor

MOUNTE KARROLL, ILLINOIS, October 6, 1917

HONORABLENESS OF EDITRIX:

Just now you perception I are with you against. I find in my chest strange feeling of croup when unkindly disposition of females elsewhere located suggest the word "Frances Shimer." So I propel myself return-wards and are here. I recognize thoughts which says I are all joyfulness at some state of existing which I enjoy last year.

Things is gayest than ever. I discovered so greatness of lots doing at every times that no time to be tearful are abundant. Y.W.C.A. with usual generosity heart give "Who's-Who and Why" party on Sat. the



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fifteen of Sept. Everyone who has illustratable name wears it pinned on front-wards of themselves. They are many clevernesses showed. Everyone enjoy sing by Miss Fenske, and Hawaiian instrumentals played by talented ladies. Also are surprised at almost, not quite Japanese actions of acrobats. Names are Griffith and Naiden. They are extreme musseled young ladies and I are proud to shake them by hand and say: "Japan like to own such persons if you was Japanese." I cannot reconsider why they not look pleased.

Also they are Red-Crost dance. Mr. Kewpie in scant-like handkerchief gown stand on stair-post and look kewp-like inducing young miserables to part with their ten cent for unusual privileges of dance. All are enjoyed by a good time. This occasion are Saturday the 22.

Saturday the 29 each ones have lovable time at Marshmallow roasted given on lawn. All play games like kindergarten childhood and eat much pop-corned and marshmallows. We also dance and retire backwards feeling full. I sure are keen-cutterish about F.S.S.

Hoping you are the same,

OWAYA KASAIKA

P.S.—Since I wrut this I has been in un-stamped condition young ladies obtain when allowance do not expose itself. So I are unable to mail this cleverness. I now say Dean McKee are man what are not careful. He almost murder Miss Farrar and very nice gentleman what love her. Occasion are that he are playing "Barcarolle" when dust which he let live on record get in lungs of extinguishable singers and choke their breathings. We are sorry to discover this concerned about our Dean. Whole school is mourned.

O. K.

### The Subscription Dance

The time, seven-thirty, the place, College Hall, the people, almost all the girls, is the setting of the Subscription Dance. Add to the foregoing bright lights, good music, and girls dancing, and you have an attractive and clear idea of the affair. A little basket attached to a kewpie dressed in a most becoming Red Cross uniform received our dimes. Different girls furnished the music, and if they were good-natured—and most of them were—we had several encores for each dance. When we felt in need of refreshment we repaired to the kitchen and drank some ice-cold water. As this was a Red Cross dance the proceeds could not be spent on "eats." Everyone seemed to bear up remarkably well without them; we trust that appearances were not



deceitful. At nine-thirty the party was over and there was every assurance that all had had "a grand time."

### The Y.M.C.A. "Who's Who" Party

"Please hurry!"

"Are you coming?"

"It's getting late, come on!" These were various exclamations heard in the different halls the night of the "Who's Who" party.

When the new girls arrived at College Hall they found the old girls ready to receive them. Each old girl had two new girls under her charge. This plan made it much easier for the girls to get acquainted. All the girls, new and old, wore small cards or pictures that signified their names; and everyone enjoyed puzzling them out. After the girls had been introduced to one another there was a short program: a song by Alma Fenske, whose voice everyone loves to hear; some songs by a group of girls with ukuleles, and last, acrobatic stunts by Faith Griffith and Vera Naiden. After the program old and new girls sat grouped together talking about everything one can think of. There were groups about the fireplace, on the stairs, in the drawing-room, and in the hall. Some girls knitted industriously for their pet soldiers and "jackies" while they talked. After ice cream and cakes the girls danced for a while. Then much to everyone's disgust nine-thirty came and the bell rang that sent them in happy, laughing groups to their halls. What would we do without our "Y.W."?

## News

### Diversion Club

The Frances Shimer Diversion Club has been organized for the year. At chapel time on October 11 a very enthusiastic meeting took place for the election of officers. With Miss Hastings in command, nominations and elections were in order. After excited murmurs of "Who do you think is best?" and "I'm going to vote for so and so," Rachel Sturgeon was elected as president, Vera Naiden as secretary, and Margaret McKee as treasurer.

The second meeting was a decided success in showing the patriotic attitude of the student body, for after the treasurer had read her report announcing that nearly fifty dollars lay idle in the treasury, by unanimous vote the club decided to invest in a one-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond. The money in the treasury is to be paid on the bond, and the remaining fifty dollars are to be paid in instalments, which are to be raised



by the girls in various ways during the year. The Diversion Club has designs on your pocket-book!

*"The Second Line of Defense"*

Mrs. Kate Wood Ray, a member of the Woman's Committee of the National Council of Defense, gave a brief address to the School Tuesday evening, October 23, in Metcalf Hall, concerning the work of that Council. She explained first the organization and purpose of the Council. This Council appointed many committees in order that the resources of the government might be organized for any emergency that might arise during the course of the war. Among these committees is the one of which Mrs. Ray is a member, the Woman's Committee. This Committee has for its work in part the organizing of the women of every community of the country for whatever work they may be called upon to do. This organizing is done through all the clubs and societies already formed in the communities, but it is to include also all women outside such societies, so that no woman in the country may be left out. Very soon the women and the girls over sixteen of the state of Illinois will be called upon to register, each one stating just what work she is trained to do or can do or is willing to receive training for, what time she can give, and where she can go for her service, so that the government may be able at a moment's notice to know just what help in any line is available for any locality. This is one of the plans of the government for giving each woman an opportunity for doing her bit.

Then Mrs Ray spoke in some detail of work which young women in school may do to make of themselves what she termed "the second line of defense." The thing that she mentioned especially was the matter of saving certain kinds of food, so that our soldiers and those of the Allies may be supplied with the necessary butter, sugar, and wheat. If the boys in the army are to have canned milk, we must use less butter, so that milk may be available for canning, and if the boys are to have all the sugar that they crave, so that they may be better fortified to resist the craving for strong drink, we must use less sugar in our coffee and our tea and must eat much less candy than we now do. This she explained was "the bit" which will help to win the war, and which is a very slight sacrifice compared with that which the men are making who are offering their lives in the service.

Miss Bräunlich's hiking class is working up to the point where very soon it will be in trim to consider a "hike" to Savanna—perhaps to Iowa.



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"Virgie" Doschadis "pulled off" a very risky little tumbling stunt. She was going down the stairs to the gymnasium when her foot slipped, and she fell in such a way as to cut a gash on her temple which had to be sewed up. In addition to many bruises she wrenched her ankle badly. She is now limping about to classes still feeling somewhat misused.

Many improvements have been made at Frances Shimer during the past summer. Among them are the new steps of Hathaway Hall, the new roof of West Hall, the tile flooring in the lower corridor and some of the rooms of Metcalf, the new tennis court on the northeast corner of the campus, and three new pianos.

Gladys Orem, of the class of '17, was the guest of Genevieve Jeffrey; Ruth Allison visited Florence Schleiker, and Ruth Hastings, '14, spent a few days with Miss Hastings.

The Juniors and Seniors went on a picnic to Point Rock the first Monday here at school. The new girls were the guests of the old girls.

Helene Holloway has begun a dancing class for the benefit of those girls who do not dance. Everyone acknowledges Helene's ability to dance, and her classes are sure to be well attended.

September 16, 1917, Mildred Catt was rushed to the hospital at Freeport and operated on for appendicitis. The operation was very successful, and Mildred hopes to return to school next semester.

The old girls of College Hall entertained the new girls Sunday evening, September 16. The girls had a fine time and now feel much better acquainted, owing to the kindly efforts of the old girls.

In place of chapel exercises Saturday, September 25, the time was given over to the organization of classes.

There is to be a splendid glee club this year if one can judge from the large number of girls one sees crossing the campus Monday mornings at eleven.

The girls of Hathaway Hall were pleasantly entertained on Sunday evening, September 23, at a marshmallow roast given in Hathaway parlor by Miss Pierson, the head of the hall.

### Class Notes

The Freshman class organized with Miss Glessing as counselor. The officers are as follows: president, Ruth Tauber; vice-president, Harriet Wetzel; secretary, Faith Reichelt; treasurer, Willa von Oven.

The Sophomore class officers are as follows: Gladys Normann, president; Evelyn Morse, vice-president; Hila Jalbert, secretary; Electa



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Ballow, treasurer. The class is distinguished in having an honorary member, Irma Nelson. Their counselor is Miss Bräunlich.

The Junior class met and organized on Tuesday evening, September 24. The class elected Faith Griffith as president and Pauline Fitzgerald as secretary. Charlotte Gower was elected treasurer. The class colors selected were rose and gold, and the tea rose was chosen as class flower. The counselor of the class is Miss Taylor.

The Senior class organized on September 20. The class elected the following officers: Florence Schleiker, president; Betty Huling, vice-president; Alma Fenske, treasurer; and Frances Sutter, secretary. The class colors are to be purple and white. Miss Bragg is to be the counselor of the class for the third year.

Freshman College class officers are as follows: Helen Morris, president; Geraldine Hegert, vice-president; Wantha Schrack, secretary and treasurer. The class counselor is Miss Hense.

The Sophomore College class has Miss Hastings for counselor. The officers elected are as follows: Irene Gunther, president; Jeannette Patterson, vice-president; Ruth Miles, treasurer; Ruth Chiverton, secretary.

### Y.M.C.A.

The Y.W.C.A. is planning to take up Red Cross work this year. The girls will knit, sew, and roll bandages. There is already a branch of the Red Cross in Mount Carroll, and the girls hope to form an auxiliary to this branch.

Plans are also being made for many splendid meetings during the coming year. The first meeting of the year was the membership meeting. Eloise Jeffrey led. The second meeting was a hymn service led by Ruth Chiverton.

### Chapel Exercises

*September 21.*—Edna Gillogly read a paper on the Pope's proposals concerning peace, and President Wilson's reply to them.

*September 28.*—Ruth Petty sang.

*October 5.*—Margaret Van Voorhees read "The One-legged Goose," by F. Hopkinson Smith.

*October 6.*—Victrola music, "Barcarolle" from the *Tales of Hoffman*.

### Vesper Services

*September 16.*—Dean McKee led vespers. After songs and a responsive reading by the school he spoke on the subject "How to Enjoy Life."



*September 23.*—The Y.W.C.A. had charge of the services. After the songs and Scripture reading, in which the whole school joined, Gertrude Thurston and Prudence McKenzie told of their good times at the Y.W.C.A. Camp at Lake Geneva and of the inspiration and help they gained. Eleanor Currie spoke for a few minutes about the plans of the Association for the year.

*September 31.*—Miss Bragg read "A Man without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale.

*October 7.*—After Victor records by Galli-Curci and also the "Marseillaise" on the Victrola, Dean McKee spoke on "What the Girls of Frances Shimer May Do to Help Win the War."

*October 14.*—Miss Pollard talked on the history and uses of words.

*October 21.*—Miss Morrison read an essay, "He Took It upon Himself," by Margaret Slattery.

### Just for Fun

When the swatter's in your hand  
And the fly is on the bed,  
And when you swat him hard you find

That he's already dead—

When Miss Pierson is on duty

And is "piering" round the hall—

When, as you're busy sweeping,

Miss Darrow comes to call—

When your crush asks for a pencil

And you haven't one to lend—

When your bill's due at the Bookstore—

Then a feller needs a friend!

Hazel K. could eat no crust,

In fact, she wasn't able;

So when "Pa" Smith declared she *must*,

She stuck it 'neath the table.

One day in Freshman Latin class: Isabel Weisman at the board writing the sentence, "The mother loves the child."

*Isabel* (turning suddenly to Miss Bräunlich): How do you make love?

*Ruth C.*: Oh, yes! I want a husband who can pick me up and carry me.

*Frank*: You don't want a husband; you need an elevator.



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

*Midge* (eating grapes): "More, more!" cried Oliver Twist.

*Hortense*: Listen to her!

*Midge*: Oh, yes! I'm very fond of quoting Shakespeare!

### On the Special Car, September 11

*Teacher* (to the smallest girl): Are you going to be a Freshman?

*Smallest girl* (who has just been shopping in Field's Junior department): Oh, no, I'm a Junior!

*New Girl*: I don't see how Miss Bräunlich can be a doctor.

*Old Girl*: Why not?

*New Girl*: Why, when I was sick, she didn't know what to give me, except an orange.

*Miss Schuster*: How was mensural notation improved after neumes?

*Frances Rosenstock*: The neumes got tails.

*Miss Schuster*: Oh, no, now you are getting mixed with zoölogy.

From Gunny's English notebook: "They began using forks, tooth-picks, and coaches in England. Many accidents resulted from them."

### SCENE: DEARBORN HALL

Terrible noises from top floor.

*Miss Schuster* (to Miss Bragg): *What* can those girls be doing?

(Rushes upstairs toward the noise and opens door from which it comes.)

*Miss Richey*: Never mind, Miss Schuster. It is only Hazel Kellogg taking a lesson.

### Items from the Metropolitan Dailies

The Dean has just purchased a new Stutz roadster in which he and Mrs. McKee propose to go to Chicago a good deal this fall to see "The Follies" and the Winter Garden.

Miss Smith's latest book, *English as She Should Not Be Spoke*, is to go to press this month.

The Burns Detective Agency in Chicago has sent its best man out to Mount Carroll to find out what becomes of missing fountain pens.

Miss Brown's class, "How to Become a Movie Actress," has had to be divided owing to the large number of students electing it.

Helene Holloway is to give lessons in the "Popular Clog and Jig Steps of the Day." She pays each girl thirty-five cents a time to attend.

Miss Morrison has joined the Loyal Girls of America, a society to provide cigarettes and letters to those soldiers and sailors who are not otherwise supplied with these commodities.

Miss Pierson is to start a lunchroom in Hathaway parlor next week to supply the girls with cookies, pies, and cakes free of charge.

### Piano Recital

The first of this year's series of artist attractions was a piano recital given by Rudolph Reuter on Tuesday evening, October 9. A rather unusual program, well adapted to his style of playing, including as it did the Mendelssohn "Prelude and Fugue in E minor" and Schumann's "Symphonic Études," furnished the artist ample opportunity for displaying his tremendous technical resources, big tone, and breadth of style. The twelve études, exacting from both a musical and a technical standpoint, were given a very powerful reading. Mr. Reuter presented them with a broad rhythmic precision and sureness of attack which was very satisfying in its treatment and effected an extremely brilliant climax to the closing étude. He was also particularly successful in his playing of Liszt's "Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves." Other smaller numbers, with some encores played by request, made up a program extremely taxing to a lesser artist. Mr. Reuter has been heard here before, and in his playing last evening again proved that he had legitimately earned his position among American pianists.



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

## Frances Shimer Students at Institutions of Higher Learning

(Academic Graduates or College girls with advanced standing. The latter are marked \*).

### THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

- \*Bertha Corbett
- \*Crete Hamilton
- \*Emily Kenworthy
- \*Ellen Phillips
- Agnes Prentice
- \*Katherine Seymour
- Ruby Worner

### NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

- \*Lulu Arnold
- Edith Ball
- \*Agnes Collins
- \*Joan Crocker
- \*Ruth Foster
- Dorothy Howell
- \*Elizabeth Percey
- Evelyn Swanson
- Dorothea Wales
- Celeste Weyl

### UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

- \*Helene Bowersox
- \*Enid Brown
- \*Winifred Inglis
- \*Bernice Procknow

### FRANCES SHIMER JUNIOR COLLEGE

- Mary Fishburn
- Genevieve Jeffrey
- Helen Moore
- Jeannette Patterson

### WELLESLEY COLLEGE

- Ruth Hastings
- Victoria Maylard

### SMITH COLLEGE

- \*Jessie Thomas

### JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

- Ruth Crocker

### WESTERN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

- Mabel Hughes

### UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

- Gertrude Munger
- Vivian Virgin

### UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

- \*La Verne Borgan
- \*Lois Linebarger

### BELOIT COLLEGE

- Dorothy Miles

### HILLSDALE COLLEGE

- Helen Arnot

### OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

- Marian Burr

### UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

- \*Vivian Shumway

### DRAKE UNIVERSITY

- Marian Flint

### CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE

- Mary Brigham
- Lucile Rockwell

### KNOX COLLEGE

- Constance Sargent

### GRINNELL COLLEGE

- \*Margaret Manning

### IOWA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

- \*Catherine Berkstresser

### EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

- Ruth Hildebrand

### UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

- \*Mary Overman
- \*Carol Pierson

### IOWA STATE COLLEGE

- \*Esther French

### OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

- Leone Coshaw

### ROCKFORD COLLEGE

- Katherine Marshall

### OBERLIN COLLEGE

- Lucile Allen
- Gladys Orem

### LAKE FOREST COLLEGE

- Virginia Wales

### LAKE ERIE COLLEGE

- \*Gladys Smith



**The Scattered Family**

Katherine Vincent, '16-'17, is in the library at Moline.

Sarah Leland, '15-'16, is attending high school in Des Moines.

Gertrude Shaw, '14, is attending the State Normal School at De Kalb.

The engagement is announced of Ruth Baume, '13, to Franklin Hird Stryker, of Omaha, Neb.

Leone Jewell, '12-'13, has been teaching music and is now attending Yankton College, Yankton, S.D.

Vivian Lowrey, '14, is pursuing a course in interior decorating at the State School, Santa Barbara, Cal.

The father of Mary Grace Baldwin, '11-'12, died very suddenly on August 4 at Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Marjorie Noyes, '14, was married to Mr. James Gordon Barber at her home in Wilmette, Ill., on September 7.

The "Class Letter," started in 1909 by the class of that year, has begun its ninth annual trip across the states.

Ann Grimes, College '12, is Acting City Executive of the National League for Women's Service in New York City.

Dorothy Wright Baird, '12-'13, is now living at Table Grove, Ill., where her husband, Dr. Baird, has opened an office.

Ruth Stephan, '15-'17, is at home in Hinckley, Minn., but will continue her work in music by taking lessons in Minneapolis.

Annette McFarland Hutchison, '14, died at her home in Mineral Point, Wis., on August 21, after an illness of several months.

Margaret Powell, '14-'15, Kathryn Brewer, '14-'15, and Madeleine Sloane, '15, held a F.S.S. reunion at Marshall, Mich., in July.

Helen Huntoon, '12-'13, is at present living in San Francisco. She has continued the study of voice and piano since leaving Frances Shimer.

Laurel Gillogly, College '12, was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in June, and is now principal of the high school in Chadwick, Ill.

Mary D. Miles, '96, sent greetings from Quebec, Canada, where she visited during a trip through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River.

Theodore Dahmen, father of Celestine Dahmen, '16, died at the summer home of the family in Vevay, Ind., on July 28, after a brief illness.

Ruth Hastings, '14, visited the School September 18 and 19, on her way to Wellesley, Mass. Miss Hastings is a Senior in Wellesley College this year.



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Marion McCall, '12-'14, began a course of training in the Froebel Kindergarten Institute, Chicago, in September. She is much interested in her work.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Pierson, of Flint, Mich., announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy Spencer, '13-'14, to Mr. George Willard Wett-Barton.

Gretchen Smith, '17, and Catherine Sears, '17, stopped over the night of October 5, at the school, while motoring from Des Moines to Madison, Wis.

Marjorie and Lois Waite, College '16, spent last year at home, but studied music at Eureka College. Marjorie is guardian of a group of Camp Fire Girls.

Mildred Britton, '15-'17, is working with Ginn & Co., in Chicago. Pamela Smith, '16-'17, and Viola Sweitzer, '10-'11, are studying at the Gregg School, Chicago.

Mrs. Forest Olmstead (Gertrude Barthel, '99) died at her home in Milledgeville, Ill., in July, after a lingering illness. She is survived by her husband and three children.

A letter from Marie Melgaard, College '15, tells of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry on June 9, at Bemidji, Minn. Mrs. Henry was Ernestine Jacobi, '14-'15.

Miss Virginia Dox, '77, writes from her home in Hartford, Conn., of her desire to visit "the dear old Seminary" again, but continued ill health has prevented her from traveling.

Rose Young, College '15, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was married December 28, 1916, to Mr. Walker G. Thompson, and lives in Birmingham, Ala. Mr. Walker is a civil engineer.

Mrs. Helen Coburn Howell, '03, motored with her husband from their home in Worland, Wyo., to Carroll, Iowa, her former home, following the Lincoln Highway for over 1,000 miles.

Mrs. Blanche Yule Thom, '04, is living in North Bend, Neb. While her sister, Edith Yule Jensen, '06-'07, was visiting her this summer, they called on Mrs. Althea Purcell Sumner, '06-'07.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene D. Funk, of Bloomington, Ill., announce the engagement of their daughter Gladys, '12-'13, to Curt A. Rehtmeyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rehtmeyer, of Chicago.

Mrs. Mary Mathews Burnap, '64, a member of the second graduating class, visited the School in August. Mrs. Burnap had much of interest to tell of her school life during the early days of the School.

Ruth Allison, '16-'17, visited the School the week after opening, before going to Birmingham School, Pa., where she is to study this year. Gladys Orem, '17, also visited the School opening week on her way to Oberlin.



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Charles Sumner Hall, father of Mary Hall, '08-'09, died at the family home in Evanston in June. Mr. Hall had been associated with the engineering department of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad for forty years.

Julia Hickman, College '14, in renewing her membership in the Alumnae Association, says, "Please have lots of Alumnae Notes this year, for of course they are the most interesting part of the *Record* to graduates."

Jeanne Boyd, '09 and '11, has just received permission from Charles Scribner's Sons to publish Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," for which she composed a musical setting for baritone voice and piano accompaniment.

Jessie Beers, '12-'15, has been touring this summer with the Lincoln Chautauqua. While in Waynestown, Ind., Dorothy Lee Britton, '14-'15, Elizabeth Darnell, College '15, and Miss Beers had a reunion to talk over days at Frances Shimer.

Lucy Wimer, '13, spent the summer with her parents at Lanark. She goes this fall to Atlanta, Ga., where she is to teach piano, history of music, and harmony at Lanier University, under the president with whom she has been for three years.

Gertrude Board, '96, writes of the death of her mother, Mrs. M. J. Board, in a hospital in Philadelphia on September 18. Mrs. Board was matron for many years, and will be affectionately remembered by many students both of the Seminary and of Frances Shimer.

Ivy Caldwell Goodman, '11, writes of receiving a visit at her summer home in Goodman, Wis., from Georgia Hale Trumbull, '10-'11, and her small daughter. At a recent visit in New York City Mrs. Goodman met Ann Grimes, College '12, and Harriet Wilk Farson, both of whom are living there.

Laura Wolz, '11, is the leader of a ladies' quartette which has toured Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin during July and August under the management of the Mutual Chautauqua Company. In October the quartette will begin a tour of the New England states. Miss Wolz has recently been a student of voice in Chicago with Sybil Sammis MacDermid.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle L. Nebel (Veta Thorpe, College '14) are the parents of a son born August 4. They reside in Urbana, Ill. Mrs. Nebel was graduated with Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Illinois, and her husband has recently been granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the same institution. Mr. Nebel is assistant geologist for the United States Geological Survey.

Elda Platt, '14, graduated in June from the Iowa State Teachers' College. She is now in Palmyra, N.Y., where she supervises the physical training in twelve rural schools, making two visits a week to each school. She writes of an interesting reunion luncheon in Chicago with Mabe.



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Richardson, Margaret Creager, Ethel MacDonald, Carolyn Green, and Miss Campbell, formerly a teacher at Frances Shimer.

Mrs. Jessie Miles Strickler, '82, of Waynesboro, Pa., visited during the summer at the home of her mother, Mrs. O. P. Miles, and with other relatives in Mount Carroll. Her daughter, Helen Strickler, '10, since graduating from Frances Shimer, has completed her college course in Wilson College, at Chambersburg, Pa., and has done graduate work at Cornell University. She is now a teacher in the high school at her home.

Winifred Inglis, College '16, and Helene Bowersox, College '16, have entered upon their Senior year in the University of Wisconsin. Ruth Foster, Lula Arnold, and Agnes Collins, all College '16, are members of the Senior class at Northwestern University. Bertha Corbett of the same class will take her degree from the University of Chicago at the June Convocation. All were admitted to the Junior classes of these institutions on the work done in the Junior College at Frances Shimer.

Angeline Gilmore Gowen, '03, writes as follows of her work in China: "I married Vincent Harbert Gowen, a Canadian. He is head master of St. Paul's High School, and cannot obtain his release before June, 1918, when, of course, he will enlist. Personally I hope the war will be over by that time. I have been in China six years, and it will be seven before I return to the states. We live in the capital of Ankin. Just now the heat is intense, so much so that the foreigners cannot remain. So this week we are leaving for a mountain near Hankow. There is a Swedish Mission there, and we are renting a room in their school building. We find it hard to live these days, and are almost reduced to Chinese rice and chickens. It is an excellent time to study and read Chinese history. Dr. H. H. Gowen (my husband's father), who holds the chair of oriental history at the University of Washington, has written a good Chinese history, for which Mr. Gowen supplied many of the later chapters."

### Marriages

Rose V. Young, College '15, to W. G. Thompson. At home at Louisville, Ky.

Mary Azalia Seaman, '14, to Harry S. Thorberg. At home at Mandan, N.D.

Marguerite Kinnick, '16-'17, to Charles F. Langdon, on Friday, July 6, at Adel, Iowa.

Alida Bartlett Hopps, '10, to Adam Earl Robinson, on Tuesday, June 26, in Lamoille, Ill.

Brenda Anne White, '15, to Dr. George W. Gilbert, on Wednesday, August 22, at Pueblo, Colo.

Julia Cargill, College '16, to John Howard Stone, October 4. At home after December 1, at Mason City, Ill.

Dorothy Carleton Trask, '10, to John Griffin Hanna, on Wednesday, June 20, at Tampa, Fla. At home at Dunedin, Fla.







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Jalbert, Hila	
Jeffrey, Eloise Seltina	
Jeffrey, Genevieve	
Kellogg, Hazel	
Kier, Vivian Corrine	
Kingsley, Melissa	
Laucamp, Edith	
LeBron, Marion Elizabeth	
Letterman, Helen Minta	
Livingston, Elizabeth Gaines	
Lotz, Leona May	
Luckey, Pauline	
Lyon, Tryphena Rosetta	
McKee, Margaret Elizabeth	
McKenzie, Prudence	
Manchester, Florence D.	
Mautner, Jeanette	
Miles, Elizabeth	
Miles, Ruth Ank	
Miller, Dorothea Marie	
Mitchell, Pearl	
Moore, Gertrude Elizabeth	
Moore, Helen Mabelle	
Morris, Helen Esther	
Morse, Evelyn Lewis	
Musser, Thekla	
Naiden, Vera Gretchen	
Nelson, Irma J.	
Normann, Gladys	
Nyquist, Bertha J.	
Parks, Marjorie	
Patterson, Jeannette Mary	
Patton, Helen Louetta	
Petty, Mary Elizabeth	
Petty, Ruth	
Phillipson, Libbie	
Pierson, Leona Lovisa	
Pratt, Helen Van Horn	
Randeker, Clara Adelia	
Reichelt, Faith Torson	
Richey, Marion Margaret	
Rosenstock, Frances	
Ross, Marion Jane	
Runyon, Iola	
Schindel, Dorothy Esther	
Schleiker, Florence Isabel	
Scouler, Katharine Janet	
Senior, Emily Bernice	
Shank, Naomi	
Shannon, Eunice Elizabeth Eaton	
Shrack, Wantha Clarissa	
Sipes, Dorothy	
Sisler, Ruth Oralyne	
Smith, Elsie B.	
Stellhorn, Ruth Christine	
Stewart, Frances Glenn	
Stouffer, Olive	
Sturgeon, Rachel Jane	
Suggs, Mary Erety	
Sutter, Frances Elizabeth	
Swett, Eleanor Emma	
	Brazil, Ind.
	Chesterton, Ind.
	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
	Marshalltown, Iowa
	Chicago
	Cascade, Iowa
	Lisbon, Iowa
	Galena
	Oak Park
	Logansport, Ind.
	Lanark
	Potomac
	Amboy
	Mount Carroll
	Elwood, Iowa
	Plymouth
	Chicago
	Mount Carroll
	Mount Carroll
	Mitchell, S.D.
	Bethany
	Mount Carroll
	Mount Carroll
	Redfield, S.D.
	Oak Park
	Sioux Falls, S.D.
	Woodward, Iowa
	Chicago
	Oak Park
	Moline
	La Salle
	Mount Carroll
	Savanna
	Mount Carroll
	Mount Carroll
	Chicago
	Ithaca, N.Y.
	Mount Carroll
	Elizabeth
	Deerfield
	Kankakee
	David City, Neb.
	Shelton, Neb.
	Des Moines, Iowa
	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
	Chicago
	Superior, Neb.
	Albany
	Des Moines, Iowa
	Waterloo, Iowa
	Pratt, Kan.
	Mount Carroll
	Mount Carroll
	Dayton, Ohio
	Ann Arbor, Mich.
	Washington, Iowa
	Lanark
	Bay Village, Ohio
	Fort Worth, Tex.
	Pass Christian, Miss.
	Chicago



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Tarrison, Janet Ethel	Chicago
Tauber, Ruth Katherine	Chicago
Thurston, Gertrude Mildred Dorothy	Chicago
Tippett, Lillian Mae	Chicago
Tripp, Lucile	Elizabeth
Tripp, Pauline Palovina	Three Rivers, Mich.
Trousdale, Lillian May	Three Rivers, Mich.
Valentine, Isabel	Lanark
Vanatta, Dorothy	Ames, Iowa
Van Voorhees, Margaret Elizabeth	Newton, Iowa
Von Oven, Willa H.	Chrisman
Walden, Bertha	Beloit, Wis.
Weidman, Ruth E.	Chicago
Weisman, Isabelle	Mount Carroll
Wenzler, Clara A.	Marshalltown, Iowa
Wetzel, Harriet Elizabeth	Chicago
Williams, Esther Gerard	Sterling
Womack, Elizabeth Mary	Oskaloosa, Iowa
Woodruff, Helen Blanche	Minneapolis, Minn.
Woodson, Dorothy May	Savanna
Wright, Jean Margaret	Michigan City, Ind.
Wright, Jennie Frances	Milwaukee, Wis.
	Knierim, Iowa

## STATES REPRESENTED IN THE STUDENT BODY

Ohio..... 3	Vermont..... 1	North Dakota..... 1
New York..... 1	Iowa..... 28	South Dakota..... 3
Indiana..... 7	Mississippi..... 1	Kansas..... 1
Michigan..... 5	Texas..... 1	Nebraska..... 5
Illinois..... 69	Minnesota..... 2	Wisconsin..... 2
Total, 130 from 15 states		

THOS. B. RHODES

1884

FRED. J. RHODES

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I. A. PETTY, Ass't Cashier

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\$1.00 opens an account

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